titan

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by YouAreMyDesign

Summary

He knows, in the back of his mind, that this is for his benefit. If Hannibal does what Will thinks he intends to do, he will be taking so much more.

Hannibal is not an idle god. He frequently leaves his halls at the bottom of the sea, using tides and whirlpools to travel through the vast expanse of his domain to answer the prayers of the faithful or to gather his sacrifices. Will can feel, in the tremble of the stone, and see in the churn of the waves above him, whenever Hannibal breaches the land. His roar is powerful enough to echo, threefold, inside Will's head, makes him arch into silken sheets and soft pillows, makes him gasp and tremble, for every breath of Hannibal's is a song in the ocean, every snarl is the bite of bitter chill, every thrash of his tail and swipe of his claws sends sharp shrieks of ecstasy through him.

He has lived with his ocean god for three months, now, and is flooded. Hannibal's venom fills him every morning, before he leaves, and every night when he returns, until Will shines like some polished, glistening piece of water-hewn metal, some gem that has been carved out of the mountain. He is treasure, deep-sunken, forever lost to mortal men. He exists now, solely and without reservation, to please and adore his god, and drench himself in Hannibal's love in return.

He is not without entertainment, the long hours between Hannibal's departure and his arrival. The vaulting ceiling that shows him the bottom of the ocean above his head glimmers with schools of fish, their scales silvery and shining in the light of the ever-burning fire of Hannibal's hearth, and the creatures in his domain that produce their own light. There are plants that glow with a beautiful array of blues, greens, and pinks that he has never seen on the land, where there is no other light. Lanternfish pass by, their wide-white eyes staring, their teeth jutting and sharp. They make him think of Hannibal's fangs, and he shivers, and follows them until the hall ends and they pass on their merry way.

There are sharks, and creatures he does not recognize, that live too deep for him to have ever seen them during his mortal life. Some of them are larger than he is, and prowl across the ceiling with long-reaching tentacles and glistening eyes. The sharks bring him food, dropping down smaller fish, clusters of oysters, long knots of seaweed and coral that is safe to eat, and the children of whales and seals and dolphins when they can find them. Will eats well, for he knows how to harvest the bounty of the sea, and Hannibal's ever-burning fire allows him to cook what he must.

He turns the hides of the seals into cloaks and boots, wears the oyster shells and dolphin teeth around his neck and wrists, weaves weapons from their whiskers and scales, and for the rest of the time, he sleeps, for Hannibal is a powerful and insatiable thing, and during the long and black nights, he comes to Will and spreads him wide and kisses him until Will cannot breathe.

He stills, looking up as the tip of the whirlpool in the middle of the vast hall twists, opening wide like a blinking eye, and through it, Hannibal emerges. Will's breath catches at the sight of him as it always does, weak with awe and love as the purple-eyed head comes first, blood along its maw, nose wrinkled like a wildcat in a low snarl. The golden-eyed head follows, scales glistening and jutting fangs dripping saliva and venom. Then, the third head, with its red eyes and mane of tentacles. His necks melt into his shoulders, and his forelegs drop down with a heavy, resounding *thud* that makes the foundations of his hall tremble. His hindlegs follow, sharp claws digging into the stone floor as if it is as soft as sand, and as his tail slips

through the portal, it closes and becomes nothing more than a pinprick. As it closes, so too does the light of the surface fade away, until there is only fire, and the glow of Hannibal's eyes.

Will rises, and rushes to him, shedding the skin he had been wearing for warmth, as Hannibal prefers him to be naked and open. Hannibal's chest rumbles with a heavy purr, and he dips his center head so Will can touch him. Will's hands flatten along his jaw, run through the thick, clotting mess of blood clinging to his thick lips, and when Hannibal's jaws part to show his teeth, he reaches in and pets along his tongue.

"Hello, little one," Hannibal's voice whispers to him, pushes and presses into Will's mind with the echo of his other two heads close behind; *Hello, hello. My love, my Will.* Will shivers, staring up at him with wide eyes, but smiles when the angular, golden-eyed head curls around him to peer at him with one slitted pupil, the red-eyed head settling on the other side. Will touches its forehead with his free arm, the tentacles wrapping around his wrist and elbow as Hannibal's tongue cradles the arm in his mouth.

"You're back early," he says, and hopes Hannibal can feel his joy when he says that. It is easy to love a god who has been so generous with his blessings, but Will's adoration for Hannibal has only grown more fierce during their time together, so much so that it feels like a physical pain when Hannibal leaves him.

Hannibal smiles, and Will withdraws his hand from his tongue, as his shape changes. He melts between his forms as easily as Will might put on or shed a cloak, and soon Will is not touching scales and unyielding muscle, but soft flesh, warm skin. Hannibal kisses him, and his tongue is wet with venom, sweet as wine and something Will eagerly drinks from his mouth.

"I grew impatient to see you again," Hannibal confesses, and Will's thighs, his heart, his hands tremble, pressing himself closer as Hannibal's warm, wide hands spread out on his hips, clawed and strong and sinking into his pale flesh. "The way you ache for me is something I can feel, my love, even on the other side of the world."

Will smiles. What kind of power must he wield, he wonders, for a god like Hannibal to love him as he does? There could be nothing on the manmade earth of its equal. Hannibal's desire coats him like a second skin, his venom seeps into Will's lungs, surrounds his heart like a fierce grip, and he gasps when Hannibal kisses him again, his knees suddenly growing weak.

He buckles, and sinks to them, gazing up at Hannibal as Hannibal growls, one hand threading through his hair. He shakes his head. "Rise, Will," he commands, and when Will obeys, he leads Will to the room with his fire, and his throne. He brings Will to it, and sits, and Will climbs into place across his thighs.

Hannibal smiles up at him. His human form is so beautiful, just as fierce and awe-inspiring as the monstrous beast he can become. Will kisses him, hands gripping his shoulders tightly, and he cries out in a sweet, soft way as Hannibal parts his legs, angles him just so, and his cock breaches Will, his hands forcing Will's hips down so he must take it all in one thrust.

He throws his head back, already overwhelmed, for Hannibal's touch feels divine on his skin, every part of him turns pink and weak when his god mounts him. He rolls his hips, aching for Hannibal to pierce him deeper, no thought of his own pleasure – though it is certainly there, clouding his head and grinding against his bones. He merely exists to please Hannibal, and in that triumph, is in ecstasy.

He braces himself, and rides, his cock slipping against the slope of Hannibal's belly, his thighs tense and straining as he uses himself for his god. His hands slide up, cupping Hannibal's neck, and he rests their foreheads together, panting as Hannibal stares up at him, his eyes a mix of blood and gold, his lips parted to show his teeth.

"Oh, Will," he breathes, and his hands rake across Will's back, he cradles his spine and his lungs as Will works himself on Hannibal's cock, digs his knees tight to the throne so that Hannibal can feel how desperately, how joyfully, he gives himself over to this. His power, his grace, are a blessing on Will's fevered skin, the way he looks at Will makes Will feels invincible, like he is made of fire and steel.

Hannibal smiles as Will flinches, finding the angle that lets Hannibal's cock drag along the spot inside him that is so sensitive, so eager to be touched. Hannibal bites him with the golden head's fangs, floods him with more venom, and Will clings to him and screams through his release, coating Hannibal's stomach and chest, shuddering and going still for a moment, too shaken to move.

He paws at Hannibal's hair, his neck, his shoulders. Hannibal bites him again, over his pulse, sends another course of venom through his blood and to his racing heart, so that it stiffens and seizes in his chest.

Inside him, Hannibal's cock pulses, and grows thicker, for he is able to manipulate his almost-human shape however he desires, can have three heads or one, claws and scales and his tail if it pleases him, even when he appears more as a man than a beast. Will's stomach tenses, he presses a hand to it and whimpers at the feeling of Hannibal inside him, piercing him deeply. It borders past pain, into feverish need, his body splitting on the inside so he can smell his own blood, feel it slicking down his thighs and coating his god's skin.

He moans, and feels like his lungs are being battered as Hannibal cups his shaking thighs, lifts him and forces him down. Will cannot help him, for it hurts to move, and his body is so open – he knows, once Hannibal finishes inside him, it will be hours before he stops dripping.

Hannibal's eyes flash, the red thickening, and he stares up at Will with a tilted head and cat-like eyes. "Does it hurt?" he asks.

Will nods weakly. "Yes," he replies, trembling and grinding down, a cliff finally succumbing to the crash of the ocean against it. "Don't stop."

Hannibal smiles, and cups his head, strong fingers threading through his hair, and pulls Will into a kiss as he continues to lift Will with one hand, easily maneuvering his lax, liquid muscles to how he likes. He's so large inside Will, Will knows if he were to touch his own back, he would feel his spine pressed sharp to his skin, threatening to push through it and

split him open. He's sore and every drag of Hannibal inside him burns as though Will threw himself into the flames coloring the air gold.

Still, there is venom on Hannibal's tongue, and Will moans and clings to him, pleasure and divine wrath heating the backs of his eyelids, slackening his mouth, makes him feral with the desire to take it, take it all – he would, he would, he would do whatever Hannibal asked of him.

Hannibal licks behind his teeth, his fangs sink into Will's lower lip and the shot of pain melts into his saliva, his venom, makes Will's heart stutter and then race into a gallop. His body is so heavy, suddenly, so alight with ecstasy it feels as though he's on the brink of another orgasm, cresting pleasure swallowing him wave by wave, and it gives him strength to move, to grind down on Hannibal's cock even as it tears him open and pierces him deep, butts up hard and warm against the bottom of his ribs.

It hurts, and it's wonderful, and Will sobs as the waves take him, his entire body clamping hard around Hannibal's cock, his own giving another weak dribble of release against Hannibal's stomach. Hannibal purrs for him openly, smiles wide and pushes Will's sweaty hair from his face.

"You are so beautiful," he murmurs, and Will's cheeks flush with heat, the fire warming him through as if he were no more solid than smoke. Hannibal's eyes flicker, a bloom of purple cooling the red, and he sighs, tilting his head back, still watching Will from beneath low lashes. "In all my life, I have never seen one such as you." He smiles, wide enough to show fangs, and pets down Will's heaving flanks as, again, he is swept up in pleasure, the pain entirely forgotten as Hannibal works him onto his cock. "Your tribe built a new altar for us, my love."

Will gasps, blinking, and frowns, for he doesn't understand. "Us?" he repeats weakly.

Hannibal nods. "Your name is etched upon it, below mine," he says. "I felt them draw the stone up from the river, admired it, as they adorned it with flowers. Watched from the skies as they carved my name, and then yours."

Will shivers, for his god is a vicious and prideful one. "My father speaks to the sea," he says. "Your creatures might have told him my fate." His fingers tremble, as he gently touches Hannibal's cheek, pets his thumb to the corner of his mouth, and implores, "Please, don't be angry with them."

"Angry?" Hannibal repeats, laughing. "Why would I be angry?"

"My name beside yours is blasphemy," Will says. "I'm not a god."

Hannibal's smile is fond, the way he might look upon a cowering animal anticipating a beating. "My love, I am not angry. This is what I was waiting for." Will's brow creases, and he frowns. "I promised you power and glory, my dear Will. If I am to make you into a titan, you must have an altar, from which to draw your power and praise, as I do."

Will doesn't understand, but Hannibal seems to tire of his own voice, as he grips Will's hips fiercely, and pushes him down. Will cries out, his lungs bruising and his ribs parting to make way for Hannibal's cock, his head thrown back so that his god may bite and nuzzle him as he likes. Will's lap, and Hannibal's, is slick with blood, and he feels a fresh rivulet of it run down his neck when Hannibal bites him, again gifting him with another surge of pleasure that makes him shiver and twitch, unable to spill more, but alight with sweet, sweet rapture.

"I will take you to the surface," Hannibal says, his voice low, thick as it gets when he's close to finishing. Will feels the oceans tremble from Hannibal's desire, feels currents swell and pull, feels waves rise up to crash and devour ships, swallow shores, feels the rivers pulse and thicken as Hannibal does. "I will lay you upon your altar, and give you the power to make men whimper and cower at the sight of you."

Will moans, wrapping his fingers through Hannibal's hair, clinging to him as Hannibal cups his thighs, folds him so that he must curl up and submit to Hannibal's power. Hannibal rears up, abruptly, from his throne, presses Will to the ground and mounts him fierce enough that the stone tears into his back. His spine, pulsing tight against his skin, grinds through him, and Will gasps weakly, unable to convince his body to breathe, as Hannibal fucks him.

He's crying, for his body will give tears whenever Hannibal touches him, he weeps openly with joy and love as Hannibal smiles and kisses his red cheek. He drives deeply into Will, so much so that Will feels the thrusts in his throat, and doesn't think it impossible for Hannibal to be doing just that. He can't breathe.

"I cannot walk the shores as a man, my love," Hannibal says, as if reading his thoughts. "You must be able to take all of me."

"I will," he promises in reply, digging his nails into Hannibal's nape, forces his shaking thighs to wrap tight around Hannibal's hips, gripping him desperately. Hannibal snarls, and kisses him as he goes still, and Will chokes, his mouth flooding with Hannibal's seed. It leaks from his parted lips, venom mingled with it, and Hannibal shivers, ruts his hips tight to Will's thighs, as Will spasms and clenches around him, wanting to milk him for all he can give.

Hannibal sighs, breathless with his release, and pulls out. Even though Will knows he was large enough to bruise Will's insides, force his organs to part and his ribs to crack, when he pulls out he is the same size Will has always seen him. What follows, though, is a flood, a burst dam of seed and venom, and Will lies in a pool of it, and knows if he were to slide his hand between his legs, he would find himself gaping and open.

Hannibal kisses him, much gentler this time, his hands smoothing down Will's heaving flanks, warm magic flowing through his fingers that ease Will's aches and quiets his racing heart. "It will hurt," he says – a promise, not a warning. Will's tribe are not people who shy away from pain.

He nods. "I'm not afraid."

That makes Hannibal smile. "I know."

Will wakes with Hannibal inside him, his god weighing him down upon a nest of fine silks and lovely furs from the land, rocking into him lazily as Will stirs. He is drenched, the nest soaked with sweat, his come, Hannibal's seed and venom. He moans, gathering his thighs together and arching up on his knees as Hannibal cups his hips, seeking an angle that means he can fuck as deep as he desires, with enough force that Will's stomach tenses and his shoulders tighten and roll.

Hannibal shushes him, splays his hands wide along Will's arms and down, until he can lace their fingers together. "You cried out for me in your sleep," he murmurs, and Will shivers, biting his lower lip. His insides are raw and tender, eking new blood as Hannibal hardens fully inside him, until it feels like he's trying to take two of Hannibal's red-head tentacles at once.

He knows, in the back of his mind, that this is for his benefit. If Hannibal does what Will thinks he intends to do, he will be taking so much more inside him. Hannibal's monstrous form is large enough to swallow a man of Will's size whole – he has no doubt that, should Hannibal mount him upon their altar, only his god's love will keep his heart beating.

"I was dreaming of you," Will confesses, closing his eyes and giving himself over as Hannibal thrusts into him, his cock dragging against the spot inside of Will that makes him feel like he's swallowed fire. Without Hannibal's venom, the pain is fierce and sharp, and makes him moan whenever Hannibal sinks all the way in. "I dreamed there was a man, kneeling at my feet, and you were behind me, guiding my hands, showing me how to kill him."

Hannibal's chest vibrates against his back, a low purr of pleasure that only grows louder when Hannibal kisses his bruised and bitten nape. "Have you ever eaten the flesh of a man, Will?" Will shakes his head, and Hannibal's claws dig into his wrists. They do not break skin, but threaten it, and Will's heart sings at the promise, his blood rushing to the surface of his skin, eager to be shed, to be swallowed down. "Would you like to?"

Will shivers. "What does it taste like?"

"It depends on the man," Hannibal replies, and kisses his red cheek. "Like blood, and iron, and salt." His lips part, and he licks broad and wet along Will's neck, tasting his sweat. "Fear makes the meat bitter; lust makes it sweet."

Will moans, as Hannibal fucks into him fiercely at that. He rears onto his elbows and arches back, wanting Hannibal deeper. "Is that what I tasted like, when you took me in your mouth, and brought me here?"

Hannibal snarls. "And every moment since."

Will gasps, as Hannibal goes still, and floods him with his release, another low growl rumbling in his throat. He squirms, so close himself, moans weakly when Hannibal withdraws from him, a thick gush of seed spilling from his open body and staining his thighs.

"Hannibal," he whispers. "Please."

Hannibal smiles, and rolls him to his back, covering him and kissing him. "No, my love. We must save it for the altar." Will sighs, but would never dare argue with his god – and it is such divine pleasure to kiss Hannibal, to taste the venom on his tongue and give his mouth to Hannibal's teeth.

"Will we go today?" he asks when Hannibal withdraws.

Hannibal tilts his head, his eyes lifting to the shimmering, ever-shifting arch of the ocean above their heads, and smiles. "No," he replies, his eyes shining with gold. Will swallows. "But soon, my dear Will, I promise."

In Will's head, Hannibal's second and third voice echo; *Soon, my love. Soon.*

Will sighs again, and spreads his thighs. Hannibal's eyes flash, and he prowls over Will, cups his neck and kisses him as his touch heals, only for him to force himself back into Will's lax, dripping body, and Will cries and moans and clings to him, and he knows, all over the world, it has started to rain.

If Will had not drawn the lottery for the sacrifice, he knows he would likely have begun courting one of the women in his tribe. There are some who, as girls, are chosen to be priestesses and were tasked with preserving Hannibal's altar, to make sure the ocean was not washing it away, that the foundations were secure and the chains strong, to make sure they would not be eroded by salt and time, and that the altar was kept clean. It must be women, the elders would say, for too many men gaze upon the sea with gluttony and wrath, but women know to respect the ocean and her tides.

Now, with the new one in place, they will not need to venture onto the dangerous cliffs – a fact that Will is glad for.

Hannibal keeps him in his halls for seven additional days, aware of some timeline or event that Will cannot feel, but he senses may have something to do with the moon, for when she is full, her touch upon the ocean shines and turns everything silver. During those days and nights, he keeps Will leaking and aching, will not allow him to finish, but floods him with venom so that Will can hardly breathe and not be in ecstasy. It is the cruelest kind of torture, only tempered by Hannibal's warm hands, his gentle smile, and the gifts he brings Will from the surface to distract him from the terrible, gaping ache that has started in his belly.

Hannibal changes into the three-headed beast on the seventh day, and Will rises, hardly able to walk for how battered and bruised his body is. His knees and thighs can barely hold his weight, his head feels heavy and clouded with fog, his hands cannot stop twitching.

Hannibal's purple-eyed head smiles at him, and lowers down to Will, gently nuzzling his sweat-damp hair. "Soon, little one," he promises, and Will nods, pressing his face to

Hannibal's muzzle and breathing in the scent of saltwater and power that drips from him like saliva. The head's mouth opens, and Will climbs inside, carefully settling himself over the creature's tongue. It wraps around him, helping him to stay in place and not be accidentally swallowed, and Will feels the weightlessness return as Hannibal rises, and rears up, letting the whirlpool take him up to the surface, at the bottom of the cliffs where Will's tribe lives.

Will is aware immediately when they emerge from the ocean. He can hear the cascade of rock being torn from the cliffsides and sinking into the ocean below, rent by Hannibal's long, sharp claws. Hannibal growls, hauling himself up onto the top of the cliff, and opens his mouth, depositing Will gently down on the ground.

Will gasps, shivering and suddenly very aware that he's naked, as the cool ocean breeze licks along his skin, he drips with Hannibal's venom and saliva, shuddering in the cold. The feeling of grass beneath his hands, of mud made soft by recent rains, is novel – he had almost forgotten what plant life felt like when not covered in saltwater.

He breathes in the first mortal breath he has taken in months, and the air feels so cold, so sharp on his tender insides. Hannibal lets out a soft purr, the golden-eyed head coming forward to nudge him gently to his feet, and Will forces himself to stand, grimacing in pain. The weight of the world feels so much more than it did in Hannibal's halls, like the weightlessness of the ocean followed him down there, and now, above it, he feels heavy as stone.

"Come, Will," Hannibal whispers to him, and he hears the echo; *Soon. This way, darling.* Will nods, rolls his shoulders and winces when they crack, and begins the walk down the long, winding path that leads to his village. How strange it seems, to be making this journey in the opposite direction. Behind him, Hannibal moves with surprising daintiness, careful not to crush the trees or leave too-deep gouges on the path.

He knows where his people will have put the shrine – there is a small hill cast off from the base of the mountain, a single little rise where they would store wheat and grain high enough that it would not be ruined by any possible flood. The grain silo has been torn down, and in its place sits a single, huge, jagged-edged piece of white stone. It is flat on the top to allow for sacrifices to be killed and displayed, but the edges of it grit at the air like clawing hands, as though they asked for Hannibal to rip a piece of the stone straight from its root.

He approaches it, and smiles when he sees a wide wreath of flowers around the base. They are all poisonous to eat, he recognizes nightshade and yarrow, foxglove and baby's breath. Not all of these grow here – the priestesses must have travelled far to get them.

He approaches the altar, and it shines under the light of the full moon. He sees what Hannibal has told him – on the very edge of the flat surface, in the runes of their ancestors, Hannibal's name has been carved. Below his name is Will's, as well as the words; 'Beloved consort'.

One of Hannibal's heads touches top of his hair, and Will shivers in the heat of his breath. "I bade them add your title," he tells Will. Will swallows, overcome with emotion, his vision blurring, for it is one thing to be called Hannibal's, and kept tucked away in his home; quite another for the proof of Hannibal's love and devotion to sit so plainly upon his new altar.

He turns to his god, and touches the cheek of the golden-eyed head, and whispers; "Tell me what I must do."

Hannibal smiles at him. "Lay upon the altar, dear boy. On your belly." Will nods, and sets his foot into one of the jagged edges, for it is too high for him to simply lift himself up, weak as he is. The altar is wide, and cold, but the kind of cold that reminds him of the ocean. He crawls onto it slowly, forcing his tired muscles to move as Hannibal bade him, until he is in a wide-spread bow, his elbows braced beneath him, his knees touching the edges of the altar.

He registers, dimly, that at this height is in the perfect position for Hannibal to mount him as a beast. Perhaps Hannibal played a role in the design of that, as well. He thinks of his father, how happy he must have been to receive word from the sea that Will was alive, and well-loved. He bows his head and looks at the names, the words carved into the stone, and shivers with joy.

Then, his shaking turns into the result of another emotion entirely, as Hannibal purrs, and his center head with the purple eyes comes into view. Will turns his head and reaches for him, for how could he not? Hannibal smiles, showing his teeth, letting out a rumble of pleasure as Will pets over the jagged, cat-like curl of them.

The golden-eyed head with its mouth full of venom nudges his cheek, and Will turns his head, parts his jaws to let its tongue slither into his mouth. He moans, eyes closing, drunk already on the taste of it, his heart skitter-jumping in his chest as he feels the familiar sensation of warmth and pleasure encase him. He cannot see the red-eyed head, but lifts his hips in readiness.

As open and stretched as Hannibal kept him, leading to this night, one of the tentacles making its mane slides into him easily, pulsing and slick. He moans again, feels the tongue in his mouth push past his tongue, down his throat, until it feels as though it is curling around his heart. The tentacle penetrating him coils, drags against that spot inside him that feels so good when touched, and he whimpers, muffled and strained, choking on the tongue as a second slides into him. It's a tight fit, and stings his aching insides, but Will trembles and arches into it as best he can.

He cannot help it, too curious to deny himself, as he presses his free hand to his belly, finds it bulging and distended with Hannibal's thick tentacles inside him. Hannibal snarls in his head, threefold, and parts his jaws so Will's hand can pet along the tongue of the purple-eyed head.

Will cannot speak, so he merely whimpers, and hopes Hannibal can feel how desperate he is for this.

"You feel exquisite, Will," Hannibal purrs to him, licking up to his shoulder, over his neck, as the golden-eyed head parts its jaws to encase his head, letting its tongue slide deeper. On the surface, Hannibal cannot manipulate his form so easily, and Will winces at the scrape of shorter fangs against his cheeks, his temples, his jaw. They draw blood, and he must be weeping it now, and Hannibal licks his face clean from inside his second mouth.

A third tentacle nudges at his entrance, and Will tenses, whining softly. Still, Hannibal is insistent, and a merciless god. He growls, and Will knows it is the red-eyed head that opens

its jaws and sinks its teeth into his hips, keeping him pinned and still, as the third tentacle forces its way inside.

Will chokes on the tongue buried deep in his chest, sobs as he's split wide on the three tentacles, their weight making his stomach bulge obscenely, like a woman with child. His skin might split – his spine feels distended and raw, he can feel how Hannibal's touch forces his organs to part, and he knows, if he were to look down at himself, he would see his skin turn purple and black, bleeding on the inside.

He is sobbing openly, and the tongue pulls out of his mouth, forcing his heart to beat on its own, and he feels weak, unsteady, close to passing out. He has never taken so much, and he doesn't want to show weakness in front of his god, but it hurts, and he knows there is still so much more to take.

"I'm sorry," he rasps, choking the words out, releasing Hannibal and hiding his face in his arm. He wants to claw away from the altar, wants to put his heels up and run. Just, just to rest, just let him rest a moment -. "I'm sorry, Hannibal, I'm -. I can't -."

The tentacles writhe inside him, and pulse a final time, and Will sobs, his mouth flooding with Hannibal's venom, and he moans, heaving. From his mouth spills venom and blood, an almost unearthly brightness against the white stone.

"All power requires sacrifice," Hannibal whispers to him. Will knows that. He sobs again, his ribs cracked and shuddering, his heart so slow he can't see. The tentacles pull out of him, leave him gaping and raw, and he trembles when he hears Hannibal move, feels the weight and heat of him against Will's back.

One of his front paws wrap around Will's stretched stomach, holding him fast as the red head withdraws, and he is lifted back to his hands and knees. He whimpers, fists clenched tight, and is sure that he is about to die.

Still, he opens his eyes, bows his head, and forces himself to watch. From between Hannibal's legs, from beneath a single, large scale hiding his vulnerable slit, emerges Hannibal's cock. It is a bright red like that of a dog, sharply pointed, and has barbs and ridges on it so fierce-looking that even if it were a normal size, Will would shudder at the thought of taking it. It slides from Hannibal's slit, between Will's thighs, so large the tip of it easily touches his sternum. His heart is racing, and he gasps – still, despite himself, he tries to close his thighs, giving Hannibal pressure on his cock and making his god rumble with pleasure. The barbs are sharp enough that his skin splits, and slicks him with fresh red.

The golden-eyed head nudges his cheek again, and Will turns his head because he can never refuse Hannibal. It smiles at him, and parts its jaws, revealing those long-jutting fangs that pierced Will on either side of his spine when first he laid upon the altar, all those months ago. Hannibal grips him, claws dug deep into his flanks, and holds Will still as he rears back, rolls his hips, and forces the tip of his cock into Will's body.

Will convulses, choking on another blooming mouthful of blood as Hannibal's cock pierces him. He feels the precise moment his hips splinter apart, forced too wide around the girth of it. He feels his spine finally claw its way free of his back, rutting harshly against Hannibal's

strong belly scales. His stomach shudders, he screams, and then he cannot scream, as Hannibal's cock forces his internal organs up, up, crushing his heart and snapping his ribs, and Will vomits up his stomach, his liver, his kidneys and intestines, leaving them as a gross, slick offering upon the altar.

Still, he does not die.

The golden-eyed head purrs, and licks at his mouth, which still holds the root of his stomach. *Bite*, it whispers, and Will obeys, severing cartilage and flesh and removing the trail from his mouth. His throat spasms as Hannibal's cockhead pierces the base of it, spreading his ribs wide.

When Will vomits again, his lungs and everything else follow. The only thing still inside him is his heart, which has gone still, shredded on the barbs of Hannibal's cock just as his bones grind to dust and his muscles turn liquid from the heat and pressure. Still, he does not die.

The red- and golden-eyed head come into view, and they smile at him, and turn their regal heads to eat his offering from the altar. Will gasps, though he has no lungs that need the air now, and Hannibal snarls in triumph.

He begins to move, holding Will in his giant hand so he does not fall, his cock so thick inside Will that nevertheless, he jolts with every motion. He is still crying, but now it's with joy, and he smiles at Hannibal with blood in his teeth and coating his tongue. He moans, as the golden-eyed head kisses him, tongue licking into his mouth and sharing the taste of organ meat, his own meat, and though he has no stomach to take it into, Will grips the head's cheeks and kisses him fiercely, eager for the taste.

"My beautiful ocean-eyed boy," Hannibal purrs, and the red head nuzzles him, eyelids low and eyes burning brightly as Will turns and kisses it, too, nuzzling the edges of its wet maw, licks over Hannibal's teeth and shivers with delight as Hannibal fucks him. "I'm so proud of you, darling. I knew you would not disappoint me."

More tears fall, and Will doesn't know which tongue licks it up. He moans, unafraid, eager now to let Hannibal's venom soak through his torn flesh, seep into his muscles and bones. Hannibal's cock batters mercilessly against the base of his throat, clogging his chest, and Will feels like he has swallowed fire – he burns, and feels venom coat his hands, his face, his bones. Feels as they soak it in, thirsty as a desert for rain, and begin to knit him back together.

He gasps, as his muscles mend themselves, become velveteen steel. Hannibal's barbed cock no longer tears at him, but grinds through his body fiercely, lighting every nerve ending Will has on fire. If pain was the chill of an ice storm, the suddenness of the strength and power that floods him feels like being thrown into the center of a fierce blaze, and he trembles now with abandon, whimpering and moaning freely as Hannibal continues to use him for his pleasure.

"Hannibal," he breathes, and lifts his head as Hannibal bows, gazes at him with all three sets of eyes. He reaches for his god, his beloved, and can see in the tears on his wrists that his bones and blood now shine, silver and mercury, like the moon herself is within him.

Hannibal smiles at him, and the purple-eyed head purrs loudly, coils its long, serpentine neck so Will can touch his cheek. The blood Will coughed up is sliding down, now, the altar at a very subtle angle he did not notice before, and pools between his knees, staining where their names are carved into the stone.

Hannibal kisses him, and Will stiffens. He feels it, he *feels* it, his own blood and life and whatever made him mortal seeping into the altar, until it shines with red and white, and Will drops a hand to his cock, stroking himself quickly, a flicker of promise, of awareness, touching the base of his skull as Hannibal continues to fuck him. It is easy to finish, having been so long strung-out and denied, and as the first splash of his come hits the altar, Hannibal snarls, and goes still.

Will breaks the kiss as his throat, his mouth, fills with his come. It soaks around Will's heart, makes it seize and turn to molten steel. His ribs shiver and flex, tightening like his orgasm affects his entire body. He coughs up Hannibal's come as it drips from behind his teeth, gasp and moans and fights Hannibal's grip on him until he's released, and he can press his cheek to the altar, licking through the mess.

Hannibal's cock ruts against him, but Will is strong now – strong enough to bear the entire weight of his monstrous god, strong enough to claw his own nails through the altar and leave his own mark behind. Strong enough that when, in a surge of ecstasy, he turns his head and bites into Hannibal's foreleg, his teeth split Hannibal's scales, and he tastes blood.

Hannibal roars, the voices in Will's head a threefold war cry and trumpeting bugle call of victory. He is not angry with Will, and so Will bites down harder, kneads his teeth into the wound and sucks at it, shuddering and snarling as Hannibal's blood, which tastes of saltwater and fire, coats his tongue and his throat, and makes him strong there, too.

The convulsions of his body force Hannibal out of him, and wet and open though he is, Will is powerful, now. He growls and lets Hannibal's leg go, grips the altar and continues to gorge himself on his prize, as his stomach tightens, his muscles flex and shudder, greedy to keep all of Hannibal's seed inside him. There is no more leaking blood – he is a creature of venom now, too, and his saliva shines like mercury on the vast expanse of the stained altar.

He can feel his skin closing, his spine once again shielded as his back and flanks mend. He is fire and steel, just as Hannibal promised, and when Hannibal dismounts, and bares Will to the moon, he kneels, and throws his head back with a gasp, heaving and shuddering and no more a man than his god.

Hannibal is smiling, every piece of him ruffled and proud, and before, Will could only hear him when Hannibal pushed his thoughts at Will, but now he is filled with the mind of his master and mate. Hannibal's love and adoration press against him as fiercely as the stone against his knees, as limitless as his strength and power.

Will smiles, and then he laughs, and laughs, petting over his throat. He is no longer sore, no longer beaten – inside his chest, his heart shivers, and pulses strongly, wrapped in silver and steel.

He looks up, and reaches, and touches Hannibal's muzzle.

"Take me home," he says, and Hannibal smiles, and swallows him down.

Will does not hesitate, when they return to Hannibal's hall and he is once again in the shape of a man. He turns, and grips Hannibal tightly, kisses him and shares the taste of his seed, his venom – lets Hannibal see how he has been changed, how powerful he is now. Not quite a god, Will can never be a god, but something terrible and awe-inspiring. Something that can make the oceans churn and the thunderclouds snarl like packs of dogs at his heels, ready to hunt.

He pulls back, and Hannibal glows with pride, with triumph, at seeing Will so strong. His eyes are black with desire, for he is an insatiable god, and Will smiles and bares his neck, allowing Hannibal to kiss the hollow of his throat, the arch of tendons. Shivers when Hannibal nuzzles and kisses him.

There is a bite mark on Hannibal's left forearm, and Will takes him by the wrist, waits until Hannibal pulls back, and leans down to kiss it. His teeth fit the imprint perfectly, and Hannibal's eyes flash, his upper lip twitches and curls into a hungry snarl.

Will smiles, and lowers his lashes, shows his neck and sighs, petting over Hannibal's bare chest. "I have a prayer for you," he says.

Hannibal's head tilts, his brows arching.

"I pray that my god will accept the offering of my love, my loyalty, and the reward of whatever great deeds I can do in his name, through the power he gave me, in exchange for one more gift."

Hannibal smiles, and lets out a curious noise.

Will kisses him, slides his hands to Hannibal's cheeks, and touches his thumbs gently to the corners of his mouth. He coaxes his lips to part, slides the pad of one thumb up, revealing teeth that, while significantly more human, are still threatening and sharp, with their jagged-rock unevenness, like their new altar.

"I want a weapon," Will whispers. "And I want to make it from one of your teeth."

Hannibal's eyes flash, terribly intrigued. He hums, and frees his mouth, takes Will's wrists and kisses the scars that linger there from his claws. He hums again, a curious and considering sound. "Do you have a preference, as to which I provide?"

Will's smile widens. "The one with the purple eyes," he replies. "I would gladly wield your riches, or your wrath, but your power is what made me what I am. That mouth, which brought me here. I can sit in the cavity and share the taste of your kills with you."

He steps closer, pleased when Hannibal allows it, and leans in to kiss his next words under Hannibal's ear; "Every drop of blood it shed, every wretched cry it heard, would be another

act of praise for you," he says. Hannibal shivers, growling low, and Will flattens his hands on Hannibal's chest, his nails curling – he is powerful now, powerful enough to hurt, to sway the god of the oceans to his own tides. "With my hand wielding it, I will turn your kingdom red."

Hannibal's upper lip twitches back, showing his teeth again, and Will kisses his neck, warm and wide, and shivers when Hannibal's hands spread on his hips, digging in with his claws. "Will my prayer be answered by my generous god?" he asks with a smile.

"*Yes*," Hannibal replies, immediately, fiercely enough that Will's iron-soaked heart trembles and warms with it. Hannibal takes his chin and kisses him, threads a hand through his hair, and the next sound Will makes is a moan, wrenched from the pit of his empty stomach.

Hannibal smiles at him, and tilts his head, tugging on Will's hair with a gentle but insistent pull. "But first, my beloved boy who has the ocean in his eyes, you will make your offering properly."

Will shivers, and smiles, and lets Hannibal push him to his knees.

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